

DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL.

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"There are more men ennobled by reading than by nature."

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FATHER

Used to wonder just why father
Never had much time for play.
Used to wonder why he'd rather
Work each minute of the day.
Used to wonder why he never
Loafed along the road and shirked;
Can't recall a time whenever
Father played while others worked.

Father didn't dress in fashion,
Sort of hated clothing new,
Style with him was not a passion.
He had other things in view.
Boys are blind to much that's going
On about 'em every day.
And I had 'em way of knowing
What became of father's pay.

All I knew was when I needed
Shoes, I got 'em on the spot;
Everything for which I pleaded
Somehow, father always got.
Wondered, season after season,
Why he never took a rest,
And that I might be the reason
Then I never even guessed.

Saw his cheeks were getting paler,
Didn't understand just why,
Saw his body growing fatter.
Then at last I saw him die.
Rest had come! His tasks were ended,
Calm was written on his brow;
Father's life was big and splendid,
And I understand it now.

—Detroit Free Press.

THE BOOMERANG

"Bother!" exclaimed Bob Greely, letting the Black Baby's main halyards run till the party hoisted sail fell over the boom. "Those reef points are always catching; that's twice I've just missed tearing a hole in the sail!"

Ed Willis, the Greeleys' young boatman, looked up from his work of snapping the jib hooks to the forestay and chuckled. "You want to be sure you unite all the points when you shake out a reef, Bob; you may save yourself a pile of trouble."

"But this reef point isn't tied, Ed, and we didn't use the third line yesterday anyway! I wish you'd look at the point I'm caught under the lacing in the queerest way, just like the other time!"

Ed snapped the last hook into place and came aft into the cockpit.

"That point never caught itself," he said, shaking his head after carefully disentangling the rope.

"You mean somebody has been meddling?" cried Bob incredulously. "Who would likely to?"

"Somebody who wants us to tear sail before the race tomorrow, I guess," answered Ed gruffly. "Come on now, let's get off before the wind lets go of us entirely."

They hoisted the mainsail again and were soon sailing along by the shore in the light September breeze; Bob was at the tiller, and Ed was sprawling out on the overhanging stern of the little knockabout.

"Going anywhere?" asked Ed. "Perhaps you'd like to go aboard that coal schooner ashore—a little piece farther this way."

"Good idea," said Bob, shading his eyes with his hand and looking across the dazzling blue water, which was darkened here and there with fitful puffs of wind. "I guess the wind will just about hold out. Oh, here comes the Adder! Ed, why does George Hawes look so grumpy nowadays? He hardly speaks to either of us!"

Ed exchanged an unenthusiastic wave of the hand with the youth at the tiller of the passing boat and gave one of his characteristic chuckles. "Perhaps he's mad because we got three firsts in the races this summer same as himself. He wants that cup, but, Bobby, unless he comes in ahead of us tomorrow we won't get it, will he?"

"Ed, you don't think he could have had anything to do with those reef points, do you?" exclaimed Bob after a short pause. "I could not believe it of him!"

"No," replied Ed thoughtfully, "I don't honestly think so. But I'll tell you what, Bob; I think that George may have done some talking and put ideas into the heads of some of these smart kids rounds here. But if I could find the kids who tampered with that sail, wouldn't I fix them!"

"I wonder if the racing is the only thing George is mad about," said Bob reflectively. "There must be something else, Ed."

Ed sat up on the deck and took in the sheet. "I'll tell you something if you won't let on I told you. Hawes is fighting mad with me because he thinks I got him into

trouble with some friends of his who live over at West Haven. I didn't; they were down on him before I ever came to the island, to sail this boat—they knew he'd got in with a bad crowd and wasn't acting right. He's not good company, Bob, and I'd advise you to keep clear of him. He's not your style, for all his money."

"Well," said Bob, "I never liked him. But he certainly can sail that boat of his, and I don't think he would do anything much out of the way; I don't really."

In a short time they reached the stranded coal schooner, and, fastening the Black Baby's painter to the mizzen chain, they went on board and made friends with some of the crew.

The cargo was about to be lightered, and some time passed before Bob and his companion became tired of watching the preparation for moving the coal to the clumsy square end craft alongside.

Meanwhile the tide had turned, bringing in a short disagreeable swell with it, and when the two boys were ready to start for home they found the Black Baby pounding and tugging at the end of her painter. Ed stepped over the rail of the schooner into the mizzen chains and started to pull the boat closer in. Suddenly the rope parted, and the knockabout turned broadside to the waves and began to drift away.

Bob had barely time to utter a shout of dismay before Ed dived overboard swam a few quick, powerful strokes, and hoisted himself on the deck of the runaway.

"Pretty fast for an old man!" jeered Bob as Ed got the sail up and ran the Black Baby to the side of the schooner.

But there was no answering smile on Ed's face this time. "Let me see that painter," he said sternly as they began their sail homeward. "Yes, just what I thought! It's been cut right where I spliced it into the bow ring yesterday. Look yourself."

"Whew! So it has!" exclaimed Bob. "But, Ed, who would have done it? Somebody must have done it for a joke, though it's a pretty poor one, I must say!"

"It wasn't meant for a joke. The fellow who cut that painter wanted us to lose the boat or hoped she'd injure herself somehow before the race tomorrow. There's no telling what might have happened if we hadn't turned up at the right time. Suppose we'd been a few minutes later, where do you think your boat would have been with the wind and tide this way? Right on those rocks over there, with a big hole stow in her!" Ed paused angrily. "I'll tell you what I'm going to do," he continued; "I'm going to sleep right on board this boat tonight, and if that joker comes around to play any more tricks he'll get more than he expects for his trouble!"

"Oh, I'd like to get at them!" whispered Bob hoarsely a few minutes later as a faint stir in the vicinity of the Adder told him the marauders were leaving her. "The fellow with George is that fellow Kitson who sails with him in the race, I think. Listen for their voices when they go by us."

"A pair of sharp ears is all you'll need, Bob," answered Ed, smiling for the first time, "though you might take along a good pair of eyes too, for there'll be fog tonight! You won't lose that cup by any tricks if I can help it!"

At nine o'clock that evening Ed and Bob stepped into the flat-bottomed skiff and rowed out toward the moored Black Baby. She lay in her customary place in a rather inconvenient and hence unpopular part of the harbor, well away from the houses of the little town, and her only near neighbor was George Hawes' boat the Adder, another of the one-design class of eighteen-footers owned by the summer residents of West Haven. Except for the different names on the stern boards it would have been hard for anyone to tell them apart. The three other boats of the little fleet were white, but these two had been painted black out of deference to their names.

Ed's prophecy had been fulfilled, for a thick fog hung over the water. There was no moon, and by the time the boys reached the Black Baby, which lay about fifty yards farther from the shore than her solitary

neighbor, the lights in the distant houses were invisible.

"Hold on a minute," said Ed, speaking low, for there was no wind, and noises carry far in the fog. "We're going to take the boat off her mooring and anchor her the same distance she was from the Adder, only toward the shore."

"What's that for?" asked Bob in an excited whisper.

"If they're going to play any tricks tonight they can play them on their own boat, that's what for," replied Ed grimly. He stepped on board the Black Baby and, after feeling in the darkness for some time, cast off her mooring rope.

"You don't think George is the one?" protested Bob excitedly. "Why, it doesn't seem as if he could be!"

"I'm not mentioning any names," said Ed. "You just wait and see in the next few hours!"

With their boat securely anchored five fifty yards astern of the Adder and the skiff stowed in the cockpit so that it should not betray their presence, the boys rolled themselves in the blankets that they had brought with them and lay down on the two cushioned bunks in the little cabin. Except for the faint lapping round the bows as the boat rose and sank on the almost imperceptible swell and the occasional creak that was never absent from any sailboat, the night was absolutely still.

Bob and Ed had moved their boat back to its regular mooring before daylight, and had had an interview with Mr. Sayres of the racing committee while he was eating his breakfast. After hearing this story Mr. Sayres had promised to put the matter before the other members of the committee, and had cautioned the boys to keep absolutely silent about it meanwhile.

"I cannot see anything the matter with the Adder," said Bob, after carefully surveying their rival as they passed and repassed each other while waiting for the first starting gun. "Do you think they could have done anything to her after all?"

"If there's nothing the matter with her now, it's because Hawes and Kitson have found out the funny joke they played on themselves," said Ed, thoughtfully.

"What do you suppose they could have done to her?"

"Fixed the reef points so they'd tear the sail probably, or maybe they did something queer to the halyards of the sheet so they won't run. Yes, they must have found out, for everything looks as if it were working all right on her."

"Ed," began Bob hesitatingly, as the first gun went off, "you don't suppose they could have done something that won't show up till they've started in the race? It would seem rather mean not to give them some warning. I'd hate to take a race on a thing like that, you know."

"Now see here," said Ed, "don't you get any of those foolish ideas into your head. If we win this race because something breaks on the Adder, you want to remember that Hawes has just given it to us with both hands by committing a state's prison offense! But I guess nothing will break on her today, and if we win, it will be because luck is with us, for Hawes is a good sailor."

The second gun was due to go off in just one minute, and after carefully calculating the distance to the starting line Bob put his boat about and ran for it. The gun sounded when they were a few yards away, and when they crossed the line almost abreast of the Adder and a good length ahead of the other boats.

The wind was now nearly a good sailing breeze, and as the boats swept along close-hauled toward the first mark on the triangular course they were well over on their sides and left long parallel streaks of white foam to mark their wakes. Under Ed's direction Bob was steering and handling his boat well. He took advantage of the stronger puffs of the rising wind to shoot her up to windward and succeeded in reaching the first mark without tacking; consequently he was well ahead of the Adder, which had been obliged to make one short tack in order to weather the buoy.

Ed let the sheet run and expeditiously set the spinner up as they rounded the buoy. Things looked favorable. But Bob did not have the knack of getting the best out of his boat before the wind; when they passed the second buoy and started on the last leg of the course the Adder was a good four lengths ahead, and the three other boats were gradually creeping up.

"Now, Bob!" cried Ed encouragingly, as he took a turn with the sheet round the cleat. "Show him what you can do with the wind against her. Sail her for all she's worth and don't mind how far you put the rail under!"

The sun came out bright the next morning, and long before ten o'clock, the breeze had freshened consider-

ably, and the run back to the head of the harbor promised to be interesting. The waves had not had time to become large enough to impede their progress, and the boats seemed fairly to rip up the water in response to the vigorous gusts. Ed on the Black Baby and Kitson on the Adder were perched high on the windward rails, holding the mainsheet, ready to let out in case of a flaw heavier than their boats could stand. The spray was flying over everything in sparkling silver sheets, and the sails were wet up to the second line of reef points.

There was great interest both among the native and among the summer population of West Haven in the outcome of the series; and in addition to the five racing knockabouts a dozen or more craft from a fifty-foot yawl to a sailing canoe were sailing short tacks in the vicinity of the judge's boat at the head of the harbor.

Bob, soaked to the skin and with his yellow hair standing on end, was holding the tiller with both hands; his feet were firmly braced against the leeward seat. He was on his mettle, and by the time they were two hundred yards from the line he had decreased the distance between himself and his rival to half a length.

Suddenly the Adder's port stay snapped with a loud report. The mast, unequal to the sudden strain put on it, cracked and splintered close to the deck, and the white, bellying sail, collapsing like a prickled balloon, fell into the water. The Black Baby swept by her dismasted antagonist and crossed the line a winner.

Half a dozen boats went instantly to the assistance of the unfortunate Adder, and many pairs of hands were soon helping Hawes and his mate to get the wreckage in some kind of shape. Ed and Bob, seeing that their help was not needed, sailed the Black Baby to her mooring and furled her sail. Then they rowed over to the judge's boat, both grimly silent.

George Hawes, whose face was crimson with anger, was just ahead of them, and they arrived in time to hear him shout to the little group on the deck: "I'm going to protest the Black Baby's win! I tell you my stay was cut—right where it was spliced to the turn-buckle!"

"This is certainly very unfortunate for you," said Mr. Sayres, calmly facing the enraged boy, "but what makes you think it was cut, and why should you protest the Black Baby?"

"I'll tell you why!" roared Hawes, shaking his fist at Ed and Bob. "Those fellows know all about it. They wanted to get even!"

"Hawes, listen to me!" said Mr. Sayres in a stern voice that everyone in the surrounding boat as well as those in the judge's boat could hear. "You can stop right there! I want to know what you and Kitson were doing out on your own boat last night in the fog, under the impression it was the Black Baby?"

Hawes started and then turned white. He moistened his lips; then he dropped his gaze to avoid the astonished and indignant looks directed toward him.

"I shall take up this matter directly with the rest of the racing committee, and you will get a communication from us very soon," continued Mr. Sayres. "It is fortunate neither of you was hurt. Had I thought you were capable of such an outrageous act as cutting what you supposed was your opponent's stay, I should have prevented your starting in the race. And, though I know Greeley would have preferred not to win this race by an accident to his nearest opponent, I think, in view of what has happened, that he deserves to become the owner of this cup, which I present to him with much pleasure."

And, taking a beautiful silver cup from its case, he handed it to the embarrassed and grinning Bob while the dishonored Hawes slipped over the rail into his skiff and rowed away.

Youth's Companion.

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Youth's Companion.

Christ Church Cathedral, Thirteenth and Locust Streets, St. Louis, Mo. The Rev. James H. Cloud, M.A., D.D., President-in-Charge.

Mr. A. O. Steinleman, Lay Reader. Miss Hattie L. Deem, Sunday School Teacher. Sunday School at 9:30 A.M. Sunday Services at 10:45 A.M. Woman's Guild, first Wednesdays, 2:00 P.M. Lectures, Third Sundays, 7:30 P.M. Social Functions, Saturday, 8:00 P.M.

Special services, lectures, sermons and other events indicated on annual program card and duty announced.

You are cordially invited and urged to attend. Tell and bring your friends.

Subscribe for the DRAF-MUTES' JOURNAL—\$2.00 a year.

LOUISVILLE

EASTERN IOWA.

JOHNSON

Mrs. Bertha G. Johnson, 43 years of age, residing at 725 Twenty-third Street, Rock Island, died at St. Anthony's Hospital at 5 o'clock this morning. Death followed an illness of more than a year caused by complications.

Mrs. Johnson, whose maiden name was Miss Bertha Gates, had lived in Rock Island for the past four years. She is survived by her husband, Edward Johnson, of this city, her mother, Mrs. George Gates of Davenport; and two brothers, Lester of Burlington, Ia., and Floyd of Davenport, and two sisters, Miss M. B. Gates of Lakeland, Fla., and Mrs. W. C. Tucker of Cedar Rapids, Ia.

Funeral services will be held at 2 o'clock Thursday afternoon from the Hodgson and Hoban funeral parlors and interment will be in Chippianock Cemetery.—*Davenport Daily Times*, Jan. 22, 1924.

Funeral services for Mrs. Edward A. Johnson, 725 Twenty-third Street, Rock Island, were held at 2 o'clock this afternoon from the Hodgson and Hoban funeral home. Rev. J. A. Beyer was in charge of the services, and interment was in Chippianock Cemetery. Pall bearers were August Valentine, Roseoe Bradney, Seymour Schaffer, G. Willey, Lawrence Newton and Edgar Webb.—*Davenport Daily Times*, Jan. 24, 1924.

Mrs. Bertha Johnson attended school at Iowa School for the Deaf, Council Bluffs, Iowa.

Mr. Isaac Weisbaum, of Dubuque, visiting friends and attended the N. F. S. D. meeting there. His visit was enjoyed by all.

Mr. Isaac Weisbaum was laid off, after having worked for the Brunswick, Balke, Collender Company for a year or so, because of dull business, and left for Peoria, Ill., to work for a while till work picks up.

The Purity Oats Company plant in Davenport, Ia., was shut down ever since last Fall, and Mr. Frank Stacy, who has worked there for many years, got laid off.

The other plant of the same company at Keokuk, Ia., was shut down the same way, and Mr. Jesse Barnes who worked there for many years, got laid off too.

On April 26th last, Mr. and Mrs. C. E. Loughran, of Davenport, Ia., Mr. and Mrs. Roseoe Bradney, Mr. Art Johnson and Mr. C. Webb, of Rock Island, Ill., motored to Kewanee, Ill., to help the mutes swell their attendance at the meeting.

On May 8th last, the waiter's little toe of the right foot was broken at two places by a hub falling on it while doing drilling work. He is getting along O. K., and will soon return to work.

Last Saturday morning, Mr. and Mrs. Edward D. Webb, and son Clarence, of Rock Island, Illinois, motored to Monmouth, Ill., in the latter's car on business and returned the next day. They formerly lived there.

Mrs. Elizabeth T. Price

Funeral service for Mrs. Elizabeth T. (Russell) Price, widow of the late John F. Price, who died suddenly May 8th, at Mr. and Mrs. Frank D. Williams of Lawrence St., were held Saturday afternoon at the Williams' home and were attended by many relatives and friends of the deceased. The services were conducted by the Rev. A. C. Youmans pastor of the Old South Christian Church. The pall bearers were: Albert L. Wales, William O. Crosby and Harry W. Vaughn, nephews of the deceased, and Ned A. Pike, Frank D. Williams and John O'Rourke. The burial was in the Riverview Cemetery, Groveland, Mass. The floral tributes included lilies and sweet peas, Mr. and Mrs. Percy C. Frisbie and Clifton Frisbie of Dorchester, roses and sweet peas, George L. Williams, basket sweet peas and roses; Mrs. Sarah A. Vaughn, Mr. and Mrs. Albert L. Wales, Mr. and Mrs. Harry W. Vaughn, Mr. and Mrs. L. Fred Vaughn; Jonquils; Mr. and Mrs. Roger T. Williams; wreath of sweet peas and carnations, John M. Jackson; sweet peas, Ladies Old Home auxiliary of Everett; Illies, D. A. Stanford; Jonquils; Mr. and Mrs. E. Berenson; carnations, Mr. and Mrs. John M. Edwards, Mrs. Mabel Clough, Miss Mary E. Brennan, Mrs. Annie R. Larrabee, William M. Seoles.—*Advertiser*, Mass., Gazette, May 18th.

DIOCESE OF MARYLAND.

Rev. O. J. WHILDIN, General Missionary. 3100 N. Calvert Street, Baltimore, Md.

Baltimore—Grace Mission, Grace and St. Peter's Church, Park Ave. and Monument St.

SERVICES.

First Sunday, Holy Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.

Second Sunday, Evening Prayer and Address, 8:15 P.M.

Third Sunday, Evening Prayer and Service, 8:15 P.M.

Fourth Sunday, Litany, or Anti-Communion and Sermon, 8:15 P.M.

Fifth Sunday, Anti-Communion and Catechism, 8:15 P.M.

Bible Class Meetings, every Sunday except the First, 4:30 P.M.

Guides and other Meetings, every Friday, except Friday, July 12th, 8 P.M.

Frederick—St. Paul's Mission, All Saints' Church, Second Sunday, 11 A.M.

Hagerstown—St. Thomas Mission, St. John's Church, Second Sunday, 8 P.M.

Cumberland—St. Timothy's Mission, Emmanuel Church, Second Monday, 8 P.M.

Other Places by Appointment.

"For Sweet Charity's Sake"**Strawberry Festival**

for the benefit of the

Guild of Silent Workers of St. Ann's Church

SATURDAY EVENING, MAY 24, 1924

Including the Presentation of The Laugh Getter

"STUMBLE INN"

An Original Comedy Staged under the direction of

REV. JOHN H. KENT

ADMISSION, - - - 35 CENTS

HIGH CLASS MOVIES

Under the Auspices of Xavier Ephpheta Society

AT Xavier College Theatre 32-36 West 16th Street

Thursday, May 29, 1924, at 8 P.M.

Adults, - 50 cents Juveniles, - 25 cents

Benefit X. E. S. Relief

Rev. John A. Egan, S. J., Director. Paul Murnaugh, Chairman; William Daly, Andrew J. Mattes, Miss Kate Jamison, Miss Molly Mulvey.

Strawberry Festival

under the auspices of

St. Matthew's Lutheran Guild

at the PARISH HOUSE 62 Bushwick Avenue, Brooklyn, (one block from Broadway and Myrtle Ave.)

Saturday Evening, June 7, 1924, at 8 o'clock

ADMISSION, - - - 35 cents

Committee—Conrad J. Ulmer, Chairman, Mrs. Ulmer, Misses Christgau, Merkel, Prins, E. Berg, H. C. Borgstrand, A. Downs.

First Congregational Church Ninth and Hope, Los Angeles, Cal.

Union deaf-mute service, 8 P.M., under the leadership of Mr. J. A. Kennedy. Residence: 611 N. Belmont Avenue. Open to all denominations. Visiting mutes are welcome.

THIRD ANNUAL

OUTING and GAMES**Manhattan Division, No. 87**

(N. S. F. D.)

Ulmer Park, Brooklyn, N.Y. Saturday, June 21, 1924

Doors open at 1 P.M.

ADMISSION, - - - 55 CENTS

PROGRAM OF EVENTS

MEN
1. Sack Race
2. Obstacle Race
3. Tug-of-War—Divisions
4. Cigar Race

CHILDREN
75-Yard Dash—Boys
75-Yard Dash—Girls

Dancing in the Evening—Prize for best couple

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS

M. H. Marks A. A. Cohn J. Friedman J. Schultz

To reach the Park—West End Line (B. M. T. Subway) to 25th Avenue. Walk to Park.

St. Ann's Church for the Deaf**This Space Reserved**

FOR

ENTERTAINMENT

AT

BRONX CASTLE HALL

SATURDAY EVENING, FEBRUARY 21, 1925

[BENEFIT OF BUILDING FUND.]

12th ANNUAL**OUTING and PICNIC**

under the auspices of

Lutheran Guild for the Deaf

will be held at

FRANZ & SHUBERT PARK

(Opposite Forest Park, on Myrtle Avenue)

Glendale, L. I.

Saturday, afternoon,

August 23, 1924.

Doors open at 2 P.M.

Prize Bowling and Games.

ADMISSION, - - - 35 cents

John Heil, Chairman

DIRECTIONS TO PARK:—At Chambers Street, take Myrtle Avenue L Train to Wyckoff Avenue Station, and then take Richmond Hill car direct to Park.

1892 32d ANNIVERSARY 1924

OF THE

Brooklyn Guild of Deaf-Mutes

and celebration in memory of

Rev. Dr. Thomas Gallaudet's

Birthday

AT

St. Mark's Chapel

230 Adelphi Street

Saturday Evening, June 14, 1924

Tickets, - - - 35 cents

(Including Ice Cream and Cake)

COMMITTEE—H. L. Leibsohn (Chairman), R. H. Anderson, Mrs. S. Dyer, Mrs. H. Leibsohn, H. A. Korsteter, Mr. and Mrs. A. T. McLaren, Mr. and Mrs. Geo. Abrams.

Nov. 13, 14 and 15, 1924

IS RESERVED FOR FAIR

AT ST. ANN'S CHURCH

MRS. EDWARD RAPPOLT, Chairman

RESERVED

DECEMBER

13, 1924

FOURTH ANNUAL GAMES

OF THE

Fanwood Athletic Association

UNDER AUSPICES OF THE

N. Y. INSTITUTION FOR THE DEAF

TO BE HELD ON THE INSTITUTION'S GROUNDS

Friday Afternoon, May 30, 1924

FROM 1:30 TO 6:00 P.M.

1. Pillow Fighting. 2. Nail driving, for ladies only.

3. Miniature Circus Show.

Events open to All.

1. 100 yard dash. 4. 220-yard Run.

2. One Mile Run. 5. 440 yard Walk.

3. 880 yard Relay. 6. 3-mile Bike Race.

PRIZES—1st and 2d, each event.

Prizes to be awarded by Isaac B. Gardner, M.A., Principal of the Institution.

Events will close with Frank T. Lux, 99 Fort Washington Avenue, New York City, not later than May 27th, 1924.

Admission to Grounds, 25 cents.

FIFTH ANNUAL PICNIC and GAMES

AUSPICES

Silent Athletic Club, Inc., 308 Fulton Street BROOKLYN, N. Y.

AT

ULMER PARK,

Brooklyn, N. Y.

ON

Saturday, July 5, 1924

Doors open at 1 P.M.

ADMISSION, - - - 55 CENTS

PROGRAM OF EVENTS

LADIES—100-yds dash, Potato race, Throwing ball, Rope race.

MEN—100-yds dash, 440-yds dash, Relay race, Tug-of-war.

CHILDREN—50-yds dash (boys); 50 yds dash (girls)

DANCING IN THE EVENING

COMMITTEE OF ARRANGEMENTS

Paul J. D. Anno, Chairman

J. Stiglialotti J. Dragonetti

W. Bowers P. Gaffney

A. Berg J. Rudolph

H. Goldberg

To REACH THE PARK:—West End Line (B. M. T. Subway) to 25th Avenue, walk to the park.

THE BIGGEST AND BEST EVER**SECOND ANNUAL PICNIC and GAMES****Bronx Division, No. 92,**

National Fraternal Society of the Deaf

STARLIGHT AMUSEMENT PARK

At East 177th Street Subway Station

Saturday Afternoon and Evening, July 26, at 1 P.M.

Delegates on their way East are cordially invited

NEW YORK

News items for this column should be sent direct to the DEAF-MUTES' JOURNAL, Station M, New York.

A few words of information in a letter or postal card is sufficient. We will do the rest.

CLARK A. A.

The Clark Deaf-Mute Athletic Association held a Whist and Dance in the Guild Room of St. Ann's Church, 511 West 148th Street, on Saturday evening, May 17th, 1924, with a very good attendance, 200 being about the number.

The Arrangement Committee did every thing for the comfort and pleasure of those present.

Mr. Ludwig Fischer sold tickets at the entrance, and Messrs. Begy, Breslauer, Haberstroh and Glassner took in the refreshments.

The refreshment counter was presided over by Messrs. Koehler and Kempf.

The prize winners in the whist were as follows: Messrs. Zeiss, Haff and Goldowen acting as scorers.

PRIZE WINNERS

Ladies—Miss C. Hunter, first; Mrs. J. Haff, second; Miss A. Schneider, third; and Mrs. Haberstroh, booby.

Gentlemen—Sam Eber, first; Julius Farliser, second; Max Hoffman, third; and David Polusky, booby.

The Committee of Arrangements deserve credit for their work. They were Messrs. A. L. Pfandler (Chairman), Ludwig Fischer and H. Kreigeschen.

The Clark Deaf-Mute Athletic Association in the past has won renown in athletics, and has a number of silver cups to testify to the prowess of its members on field and track.

The officers of the Clark organization for the present year are: President, Mr. Haberstroh; Vice President, Mr. Blumenthal; Secretary, Mr. Glassner; Treasurer, Mr. Fogel.

After giving the bridal pair a chance to get settled in their New York home, forty friends of Mr. and Mrs. Keith Watt Morris tendered them a reception and dinner at the famous Strand Roof on Saturday evening, May 17th. The Strand served a delicious dinner, of which the principal dishes were: Fruit salad, asparagus soup, with croutons, salmon cutlets, roast turkey with mushrooms and cranberry sauce, hearts of lettuce salad, strawberry tortoni with lady fingers, demi-tasse, all with the customary "Strand Roof" culinary embellishments. Mr. Charles C. McMann officiated as Toastmaster and Impressario. At the first of the five tables were seated the happy bride and groom, and Mr. and Mrs. McMann, and Mr. and Mrs. H. P. Kane, Mrs. Runkle and Mr. W. Brogan of Philadelphia, Mrs. Johanna McCluskey and Mr. John A. Roach, of Philadelphia and the bride's sister, Mrs. Frances Robinson and Mr. A. L. Pach. At the other tables were Mr. and Mrs. R. B. McGinnis, Mr. and Mrs. H. A. Gilien, Mr. and Mrs. E. F. Wolgamot, Mr. and Mrs. Wm. Lipgens, Miss Mabel Johns, Miss Emily Andem, Miss E. H. Spanton, Miss J. Palmer, Miss E. E. Sherman, Miss A. D. Atkinson, Mrs. J. R. Gooding, Mrs. B. Smith, Mrs. Blanche Selleck Nimmer and Messrs. K. Muir, G. H. Hummel, J. Maxey, and J. O. Fitzgerald. A present to the newly wedds from the welcomers will make a delightful remembrance of the affair though the evening's delights will probably never be forgotten by those who took part in the series of events that began at 9:30 and lasted till midnight. A number of those present were former classmates of Mr. Morris at the Wright Oral School, but among the other schools represented, besides Gallaudet College and two European schools were Fanwood, Lexington, Westchester, Mt. Airy, Northampton, Texas and California, and it is rare and unusual for such a number of our distinguished schools for the deaf to be represented in so comparatively small gathering. In the past, when Mr. Morris has had a hand in directing one of the social affairs of this nature, he has always, literally, been the life of the party, but on this occasion, with becoming modesty, he just sat dignifiedly proud of the honors and homage befitting to his charming and beautiful bride. Mr. Roach, who was the bestman at the wedding, served for the ninth time in that happy capacity, and announces that he is going to make it an even dozen before he takes his own matrimonial plunge. Diners at other tables would never have thought that Mrs. Robinson, the bride's hearing sister was not, like the others, deaf, for she uses her fingers as if to the manor born. When Miss Helen Waters became Mrs. Keith Watt Morris, the Capital City sustained a heavy loss, and Manhattan is that much richer, so it is a compensating little old world after all.

The preliminary arrangements for the Welcome Home and dinner were made by Mrs. H. P. Kane (Chairman), Mrs. C. C. McMann, Mr. J. O. Fitzgerald and Miss E. H. Spanton.

OHIO.

[News items for this column may be sent to our Ohio News Bureau, care of Mr. A. H. Greener, 993 Franklin Ave., Columbus, O.]

May 15, 1924—It seems as though the deaf fakir continues to ply his nefarious scheme despite all efforts to eradicate him. Not long ago one was caught up in the north western part of the country, and he certainly should have been given a long term behind the bars instead of a few months, as he had been working in Canada and this country.

Now we have another of the same kind shown in Dayton, O., as the following will show from the *Dayton Herald*:

"Members of the 'fraternity of the speechless' were called to headquarters by Dayton police last night and their aid was enlisted in the efforts to capture a 'deaf-mute' robber who has visited several homes in the last few days and committed thefts."

"Several deaf and dumb men conferred with police officials at headquarters regarding the activities of the robber. Police say the deaf-mutes of the city know when deaf-mutes arrives in Dayton and are well acquainted with the movements of their fellow deaf-mutes."

"They told police that they believe the robber is not deaf and dumb, but is merely pretending that he cannot speak nor hear when he is detected entering a home, in order to evade capture as a robber."

"Another attempt on the part of the 'deaf-mute' robber to enter a Dayton home was reported to police yesterday by Mrs. Edward Phillips, 2026 North Main Street."

"According to Mrs. Phillips' description, the robber has discarded the gray hat which was a distinguishing part of his costume, and is wearing a black derby. She told the police the man unlocked the door to her home Wednesday and walked upstairs, where she discovered him. The man presented a paper, claiming that he was soliciting subscriptions, and pretended to be a deaf-mute."

"Several homes have been entered by the man in the last few days. If any one is in the house, he makes signs that he cannot speak or hear, and offers a paper purporting to be a subscription list for disabled war veterans. Police say that if no one is at home when the man enters a house, he robs the place."

"At the meeting of the Advance Society on the evening of the 9th inst., with nineteen members present and vice-president Basil Grigsby presiding.

Treasurer Ohlemacher reported the total balance on hand is \$321.35. A letter of thanks and appreciation was read from Mrs. E. T. King and daughter for flowers sent by the society for the funeral and other courtesies extended by members during Mr. King's illness.

A letter from Mrs. Gleason, the Secretary of the Ladies' Aid Society, offering to go half on the purchase of five dozen dessert dishes was read and the purchase ordered. It was also agreed to unite with the Ladies' Aid Society and the N. F. S. D. division in the purchase of an oil stove to be used at entertainments.

Miss Bessie Edgar was tendered a vote of thanks for a donation of teaspoons some time ago. Much time was spent in a discussion of the auto to be purchased, who should drive it, for what purposes, its care and upkeep.

It is noticed that Richard Rawlings is out in Sunny California, still following the brake-beams.

Virgil Dowell, a peddler of A. B. C. and needle pockets was in town recently, but Wichita not being a very healthy place for those of his profession, he decided to move on. Work could not interest him unless the pay was \$8.00 per day or more.

Harley Sleeper and family are to move back to their farm near Greensburg, Kan., in the near future. Harley not having steady work enough to make both ends meet, so the return to the farm was decided on.

Wm. Settles has gone to his old home in Missouri. It is generally predicted that "Sissy" will be back amongst us, ere many moons pass, and your writer would not be surprised to hear he had fallen a leap year victim.

Robert Reed purchased a Tin Lizzie recently, and took quite a few up to Newton, Kan., to call on the mutes there, one Sunday recently. They found E. S. Paxton back from California. He intends moving back, as soon as he can dispose of his Newton property, to be with his children out west.

Dora Keech, the charming daughter of Mr. and Mrs. B. R. Keech, of 427 Ida, is one of the 450 graduates of the 1924 class of the Wichita High School and only "Sweet Sixteen," "Burechie," the son, will also graduate from the grade, some record, only 13.

Everett Wimp, long reputed as Wichita's most eligible bachelors of the silent set, is reported as being a leap year victim.

Amos Myers was reported to be pretty sick lately at his home on S. Volutus, but at this writing is well on the road to recovery.

James Edward Willie Pugh bought his aged flivver a brand new top last January, but to date has never ventured forth in it. Reason: James Eddy hasn't the pep to turn the crank.

Joey Cox, who took two weeks vacation last September for the purpose of getting his barn painted, hasn't got it painted yet.

So the country is to be combed

soon for the suckers to another scheme similar in some respects to that at Valley Stream. It is not believed any victims will be found in this locality.

the end of the show, for each of the characters as they made themselves known gave him a package of what they represented, so he had quite a load of good or useful articles to bring home with him.

It was Mr. Elmer Elsey and not Mr. Volp, who took him up and back. Others of the party were Mrs. Elsey, Miss Abbie Krauss and Mrs. Dill Ellis from Marion, O.

Mr. Frank Bauer, of Akron, and Mrs. Maud Bengsch, of Cleveland, were married by Rev. C. W. Charles, in Trinity Chapel, Cleveland on April 24th, in the presence of friends of couple and of the parish. They were attended by Mr. and Mrs. Ross Mohr. Their honeymoon was spent in Chicago and others points, and they are now at home, 309 Grand Avenue, Akron, Ohio. We extend our best wishes to them, the groom we know well, but are not acquainted with his bride, though we knew her late husband Mr. Bengsch for many years in which he was regular subscriber to the JOURNAL.

Mr. George Goll, of near Stryker, Ohio, was given a birthday surprise party, May 8th, by quite a number of deaf from Toledo, and near surrounding towns. He was presented a number of gifts, and a fine spread served before the party broke up. A good time was enjoyed by all, and expressions of many such parties were wished for Mrs. Goll.

A. B. G.

Gallaudet College.

Needn't mention the weather. We're experiencing one hundred and twenty-five different kinds of it in a single day. So this is May.

The Barnum and Bailey Circus is in town, and the old time game of "hookey" is our most popular sport. A new crop of demerits has grown over-night. Read 'em and weep.

Talk about weddings on the Green, well it's developed into an epidemic. Miss Marion Smith, of Pennsylvania, a teacher in the Kendall School, was secretly married during the Easter vacation, and her friends here only found it out this week. Cupid wields a wicked bow on Kendall Green. Batter up. Who's next?

The staff of the *Buff and Blue* enjoyed a picnic at Great Falls on Saturday, the tenth. Mrs. Drake chaperoned the party. The Potomac was on the rampage and was a most unusual sight.

The Alumni Association presented "Cabbages and Kings," a series of short plays, in the college chapel on the evening of the tenth. The proceeds will be used to defray the expenses of the coming reunion. The old grads sure showed us a few. The largest crowd of the year taxied the chapel to see the show. Miss Nelson, Messrs. Drake, Hughes, Stewart, Pulver and Guire, were the committee in charge.

Among other week-end visitors, on the 18th, were Misses Elizabeth and Hannah Ahrens, Florence Lacey and Mrs. Raymond Fritz, all of Reading, Pa., and Morris N. Garbet, of Scranton, Pa. Mrs. Garbet has been in the city a week and will stay a while longer. There were several other visitors from nearby places and they are frequenters.

Remember the Memorial Day picnic at All Souls' grounds; all welcome.

Gallaudet 6 George Washington 5

The baseball team managed to best the G. W. U. Engineers in the annual ball game. The playing was a bit loose on our part, and the Engineers all but ran away with the game in the ninth inning, when the visiting pitcher hit a Homer with two on. The score was 6 to 5 up till that time. Our men outlasted the Hatchetites, but errors almost evened up the count. Massinkoff at second was the shining light for our men. He hit a Homer and ran wild on the bases, stealing home an another occasion. B. Wright also hammered the pill. The coach is having a hard time with the local pitching staff. Knans is the only consistent tosser available at present. He twirled the whole game.

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

G. W. U. 0 2 0 0 0 0 0 3 5

Gallaudet 0 0 2 0 0 1 3 X-5

Blue Ridge, 5 Gallaudet, 2

The *Buff and Blue* showed up poorly against Blue Ridge, May 10th, on the home grounds. Capt. Lahn pitched a steady game, but the support was ragged, and so the game was booted away. Lahn didn't pass a single batter throughout the game. A drizzling rain set in at the sixth inning, so the game was called. The next game is with St. John's College at Annapolis.

The score.

Innings 1 2 3 4 5 6 7 8 9

Blue Ridge 3 0 2 0 0 0 5 7 1

Gallaudet 0 0 0 0 2 0 2 5 4

The track squad sent a medley relay team to the track meet Saturday, May 10th, at the Central High School Stadium, to race the Washington Canoe Club. Boatwright led off and led his men ten yards at the first 220 yards. Williams held the lead on his lap. Capt. Stephens seemed to have been ailing, as he lost the lead in the quarter mile, and Kaercher who was running the half mile on the last leg of the race was unable to overtake his man. It was a big disappointment to the men, as there were beautiful gold medals for the winners of the relay.

So the country is to be combed soon for the suckers to another scheme similar in some respects to that at Valley Stream. It is not believed any victims will be found in this locality.

PHILADELPHIA.

The hundreds of former pupils of the Mt. Airy School will deeply regret to learn that Joseph J. Baily, for many years Principal of the Industrial Department, and A. H. Bodenhorst, who has filled the office of Steward for about twenty-five years, more or less, both suffered a stroke of paralysis last week, the attacks coming about three days apart from each other. Both men have been very capable and faithful officials, and the loss of their services, in case that they do not recover sufficiently to resume their duties, will be a severe blow to the Institution. It is even now felt.

It is too early to say yet how serious the cases are. Mr. R. M. Ziegler was a clerk under Mr. Bodenhorst, and Mr. Baily's work, was in the same building with them. It does smack strange that the three men who were closely associated with each other in work for a long time should be similarly afflicted within a comparatively short time, even from natural causes. We hope that the incapacitation in each case will be merely temporary.

Mr. A. Simone, Jr., son-in-law of Mr. and Mrs. Wm. H. Lipsitz, recently assumed the proprietorship of the Campiglia Hotel, 13th Street and Egg Harbor Road, Hammonton, N. J., situated close to New Jersey's famous White House Pike. Newly re-constructed the hotel attracts a large amount of patronage from it. The hotel belongs to an uncle of Mr. Simone, who sought to retire, and gave his nephew an option to purchase it. Mr. and Mr. Lipsitz now make frequent week-ends to Hammonton and like the place very much.

Strawberry festivals are in order; ditto strawaths.

Miss Margaret H. Jones of Jamaica, N. Y., was the guest of Mr. and Mrs. Harry E. Stevens, at their Merchantville, N. J., home from Saturday to Monday, 18th. Mr. Stevens was one of Miss Jones' former schoolmates. We were also glad to see her again.

At the meeting of the Philadelphia Local Branch at All Souls' Parish House on Saturday evening, May 17th, the Rev. Arthur D. Bryant, of Washington, D. C., lectured on "Horses of History," to a good-sized audience. Rev. Bryant, who is a Baptist missionary in and around the National Capital, succeeded in a marked degree to interest and entertain his audience by his lucid and graphic delivery, which was very much appreciated.

Among other week-end visitors, on the 18th, were Misses Elizabeth and Hannah Ahrens, Florence Lacey and Mrs. Raymond Fritz, all of Reading, Pa., and Morris N. Garbet, of Scranton, Pa. Mrs. Garbet has been in the city a week and will stay a while longer. There were several other visitors from nearby places and they are frequenters.

The setting-up exercises and Evening Parade reflected credit upon the military instructors and the deaf cadets alike.

In the competition in the manual of arms, great interest was manifested. The judges penalized the slightest deviation from perfect form by ordering the offender to step back from the line. The excitement among the pupils was at fever heat as the number of competitors dwindled down to three or four, and a buzz of finger talk followed the selection of the winners.

The winners of this year's medals are as follows:

The Russell Gold Medals for highest proficiency in the school of the soldier, were awarded as follows:

Company "A"—Cadet Louis Bayarsky.

Company "B"—Cadet Doek Murray.

Company "C"—Cadet William Raynor.

The George Moore Smith Medals, for excellency in the Manual of Arms were awarded as follows:

Company "A"—Cadets Harold Yager and Natale Cerniglio.

Company "B"—Cadets Nicholas Giordano and Michael Capocci.

Company "C"—Cadets Valdemar Mazur and Vincent Sherman.

The Sanger Memorial, for Excellence in the Band and Field Music, was won by Cadet Drum Major James Garrick.

The Principal's Gold Medal, for the best drill officer, was awarded to Cadet Lieutenant and Adjutant Joseph Krassner.

There was an exhibition of Sewing and Millinery in the girls' sewing room in the morning.

MOTHERS' MEETING

A large and most interesting Mothers' Meeting assembled in the girls' study room at two P.M. on the afternoon of Friday, May 16th. Over one hundred parents and guardians of the Kindergarten children were present, and were shown the actual processes as followed daily in the classroom.

The children were perfectly at ease, and the exercises were really a revelation, indicating that the pupils and their teachers were in rapport. Every class took part in the exercises as indicated by the subjoined program, which opened with a few words of introduction by Principal Gardner.

Saturday evening, from 8 to 9 o'clock, moving pictures will be on

